

# Plymouth Advertiser.

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BY ROBINSON & LOCKE.

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## Select Poetry.

For the Advertiser.

"A custom prevails among some of the Tartar chieftains, that when a handsome stranger visits them, to kill him when asleep; believing that thereby they will inherit his beauty and soul."

I read this passage in a book,  
And sadly sat me down to think,  
Of that strange deed the Tartar took,  
A comely soul with his to link!  
No foul revenge or thirst for blood,  
In him the murder-passion woke:  
Nor love of spoil or carnal good,  
At midnight severed the fatal stroke!  
No pang of chivalrous love's hate,  
Or faithless wife's degrading vow  
Induces thy breast to imitate,  
The manly stranger with thee now.

What disposition in thy make?  
Is thy soul, as body, dire?  
And would'st thou, e'en thyself forsake,  
And wrathful doff the Tartar tie?

Why last ye thus for beauty's mould?  
Why crave ye thus the spirit's grace,  
Or dream that when the body's cold,  
The spirit's form you can embrace?

No ruffian power, ye barbarous clans,  
With all your murderous rites combined,  
Can beauty steal with puny hands,  
Nor fish the graces of the mind.

But Fury with her green-eyed thirst,  
For every joy that others know,  
Hath left no crime or race unscathed,  
With all her dark peculiar woe.

And now, what with impious main  
Unblushing stalks in Christian land,  
And laughs o'er crimes far more obscene  
And dire, than stain'd the Tartar's hand.

Greenfield, O. December, 1854. E. W. T.

## Selected Miscellany.

### The Hero and the Bully.

One evening, a short time after the battle of Pontenoy, (1745,) a group of the king's body-guard was congregated near the Latona basin, at Versailles, listening to two of their number discussing a subject which at that period was rarely a matter of controversy in military circles.

"Refuse a duel after a public affront!" exclaimed the tallest of the speakers whose bronzed features were rendered almost ferocious by the thick red moustache he wore: "it is a stain that all the waters of the deluge would not wash away."

"I repeat, Monsieur de Malotour," replied the other in a calm, polite tone, "that there is more true courage in refusing than in accepting a duel. What is more common than to yield to passion, envy or vengeance; and what more rare than to resist them? Therefore it is a virtue when exhibited at the price of public opinion; for what costs nothing is esteemed as worth nothing."

"A marvel!" Monsieur d'Argenteuil, I would advise, if ever the king gives you command of a company, to have engraven on the sabres of the soldiers the commandment--"Thou shalt do no murder."

"And wherefore not? His majesty would have better servants, and the country fewer plunderers, if we had more soldiers and fewer bullies. Take, as an example, him with whom you seem so much incensed; has he not nobly avenged what you call an affront by taking with his own hands, an enemy's colors, while your knaves, coward like, formed a prudent reserve behind their baggage?"

"Towards themselves, have their moments of courage,"

"And the brave also their moments of fear."

"The expression is not that of a gentleman. It is that of Monsieur de Turenne, whose family equalled either of ours, and who avowed that he was not exempt from such moments. Everybody has heard of his conduct towards a braggadochio, who boasted in his presence that he had never known fear. He suddenly passed a lighted candle under the speaker's nose, who instantly drew back his head to the great amusement of the bystanders, who laughed heartily at the singular mode of testing the other's assertion."

"None but a marshal of France had dared to try such pleasantry. To our subject, sir, I maintain that your friend is a coward, and you--"

"And I--," repeated d'Argenteuil, his eyes flashing, and his lips compressed.

"Holla, gentlemen!" exclaimed a third party, who, owing to the warmth of the argument, had joined the group unperceived. "This is my affair!" said he to Monsieur d'Argenteuil, holding up his arm; then turning to the adversary, added: Monsieur de Malotour, I am at your orders."

"If that case, after you, if necessary," said d'Argenteuil, with his usual calmness. "By my honor, you charm me, gentlemen! Let us go."

"One moment," replied the new-comer, who, young as he was, wore the cross of St. Louis.

"No remarks. Gentlemen, hasten."

"Two great haste in such cases evinces less a contempt for death than an anxiety to get rid of his phantom."

"I listen, sir!"

"Monsieur d'Argenteuil just now stated that the bravest have their moments of fear. Without taking as serious his anecdote of Monsieur de Turenne, I shall add that, with the exception of the difference between muscles and nerves, the courage of the duelist is more an affair of habit than of principle; for it is the natural state of man to love peace, if not for the sake of himself, at least for himself. Do

"Enough, sir; we are not here to listen to a sermon."

"Yet a moment. Here is my proposition: we are all assembled this evening previous to our leave of absence; I invite you, as also these gentlemen present, to a bear-hunt on my estate, or rather among the precipices of Clat, in the Eastern Pyrenees. You are very expert, Monsieur de Malotour--you can snuff a candle with a pistol at twenty paces, and you have no equal at the small sword. Well, I shall place you before a bear, and if you succeed--I do not even say in lodging a ball in his head, but merely in firing upon him--I shall submit immediately after to you to face with any weapons you choose to name, since it is only at that price I am to gain your good opinion."

"Are you playing a comedy, sir?"

"Quite the contrary. And I even repeat this extreme haste shows more the courage of the nerves, than of the true courage arising from principle."

"What guaranty have I, should I accept your proposition, that you will not again endeavor to evade me?"

"My word, sir; which I take all my comrades to witness, and place under the safeguard of their honor."

"There ran through his auditory such a buzz of approbation that de Malotour, though with bad grace, was obliged to accede to the arrangement. It was then agreed that on the first of September, all should assemble at the Chateau du Clat."

Whilst the young lord of the manor is making the necessary preparations for their reception, we shall explain the accusation of which he was the object, yet which has not branded him with any mark of disgrace, among a class of men so partial to a point of honor."

The young baron de Villaret, in entering amongst the gentlemen who formed the household guard of the king of France, carried with him a price of which he remained unacquainted, amidst all the revolutions of one of the most illustrious courts in Europe. Such, however, is the charm of virtue, even in the midst of vice, that his exemplary conduct had not only gained him the esteem of his officers, and friendship of his companions, but had attracted the attention of the king himself.

One alone among his comrades, Monsieur de Malotour, took umbrage at this general favor, and on the occasion of some trivial expression publicly insulted him.

Villaret refused to challenge him, as being contrary to his principles, but determined that this seeming cowardice, in not fighting a well-known duelist, should be redeemed by some action of equal daring.

The campaign just commenced. Their moment had arrived; and for his noble conduct in taking the English colors at the battle of Pontenoy, he received the cross of St. Louis from the king's own hand on the field, the ennoblement of Marshal Saxe, and a resplendent emunity on the part of the monarch.

The first care of the young baron, on arriving at his estate was to call his major domo, and old faithful servant.

"I have business with thee, my master," said he, cordially shaking him by the hand.

"Speak, monsieur," replied the parer, who was deeply attached to his young lord; "you know the old hunter is yours to the last drop of blood."

"I never doubted it, my old friend. Did you receive my letter from Paris?"

"Yes sir; and those gentlemen, your comrades, will have work before them."

"Are there bears already on the heights?" asked Villaret, extending his hand in the direction of one of the lofty peaks, whose summit, covered with snow, glittered in the morning sun."

"Five in all--a complete menagerie--father, mother and children; besides an old bachelor, whom the Spaniards had driven to this side."

"In less than a week we shall go in pursuit of them. Do you know, parer, some of my comrades are rather rough sportsmen? There is one of them who is able to snuff a candle with a pistol at twenty paces."

"Easier, perhaps, than to snuff a bear at four," replied the old man, laughing.

"That is what I said also. But as I should wish to judge for myself of his prowess, you must place us together at the same spot--at the bridge of Maure, for instance."

"Hum!" said the parer, scratching his ear: "it would better please me to have you elsewhere."

"Why?"

"Because to guard this post a man ought to be in a state of grace, for he will be between two deaths--the bears and the precipice."

"I know the one, and do not fear the other; thanks to your lesson."

"I am sure of that. But with your leave, I should like to guard the bridge myself."

"You are sure, then, that the bears will pass this way?"

"Sure--yes; but quite sure--no. Recollect that they are sullen and prudent beasts, which never confide their plan of route to any one."

"It is agreed on. I shall guard the bridge with my comrade. Now go, and have the trackers ready."

"Very well," murmured the parer, as he retired; "I shall have my eye on him."

Eight days afterwards all those invited, not excepting Monsieur de Malotour--who, despite the delicate attention of the host, preserved a cool reserve--were assembled at the chateau. The magnificent grandeur of the Pyrenees, their shining summits relieved against the blue sky of Spain, was an unlooked for pleasure to the great number of guests who for the most part belonged to the rich and fertile plains of the interior.

The morning following their arrival a body of trackers and scouts, provided with

all manner of discordant instruments--trumpets, snare-drums, etc., etc., were assembled under the walls of the chateau, with the parer at their head; while by his side stood the mandarin, who proudly guarded a dozen large mastiffs, held in leash by his vigorous helper. The young baron and his friends armed with carbines and hunting knives, had scarcely appeared, when, by a sign from the parer, the whole troop moved silently forward. The dogs themselves seemed to understand the importance of this movement, and nothing was heard but the confused tramp of feet, blended with the noise of the distant tramp, or at intervals, the cry of some belated night-bird flying heavenward, in the doubtful glimmer of the yet unopened day.

As the party reached the crest of the mountain which immediately overhung the chateau, the first rays of the sun breaking from the east glared on the summit of the Pyrenees, and suddenly illuminating the landscape, discovered beneath them a deep valley, covered with majestic pine trees, which murmured in the fresh breeze of the morning.

Opposite to them the foaming waters of a cascade fell some hundreds of feet through a chert which divided the mountain from the summit to the base. By one of those capricious nature which testify the primitive convulsions of our globe, the chert was surmounted by a natural bridge--the pile of granite at each side being joined by our images of rock almost seeming to verify the fable of the Titans; for it appeared impossible that such enormous blocks of stone could have ever been raised to such an elevation by human agency.

Similar legends were attached to the place, and the mountainous region with terror that no hunter, with the exception of the parer, had ever been posted at the bridge of Maure, without assuming the peril of either the bears or the precipice.

But the parer was too good a Christian to partake of this ridiculous superstition; he attributed the fatality to its real cause--the dizziness arising from the sight of the sea and the precipice combined; by destroying the hunter's presence of mind, making him aim unsteady, and death the inevitable consequence. He could not, however, altogether divest himself from fears of his young master, who obstinately persevered in his intention of occupying the bridge with his antagonist.

After placing the baron's companions at posts which he considered advantageous, the parer joined his men, and disposing them so as to encompass the valley facing the cascade, commanded the utmost silence to be preserved, until they should hear the first bark of his dog. At the signal the mastiffs were to be unleashed, the instruments sounded, and all to move slowly forward, contracting the circle as they approached the cascade. These arrangements being made, the parer and his dog, followed by the mandarin alone, disappeared in the depths of the wood.

For some minutes the silence had remained unbroken when suddenly a furious barking commenced, accompanied by low growling. Each prepared his arms, the instruments sounded, and the mastiffs being let loose, precipitated themselves pell-mell in the direction of the struggle.

Their furious barking was soon confounded with the cries of the hunters and the din of the instruments, mingled with the formidable growling of the bears, making altogether a hideous concert, which, rolling along the sides of the valley, was repeated by the distant echoes. At this moment the young baron regarded his companion, whose countenance, though pale, remained calm and scornful.

"Attention, sir!" said he in a low voice. "The bears are not far from us, let your aim be true, or else--"

"Keep your compasses for yourself, sir!"

"Attention!" repeated Villaret, without seeming to notice the surly response--"he approaches."

Those who were placed in front of the cascade, seeing the animals directing their course to the bridge, cried from all parts, "Look out, look out, Villaret!" But the breaking of branches, followed by the rolling of loose stones down the precipice, had already given warning of the animals' near approach. Malotour became deadly pale; he, however, held his carbine firmly in the attitude of a resolute hunter.

A bear at length appeared with foaming mouth and glowing eyes, at times turning as if he would find struggle with his pursuers; but when he saw the bridge his only way of escape, occupied, he uttered a fearful growl, and rising himself on his hind legs, was rushing on our two hunters, when a ball struck him in the forehead and he fell dead at their feet.

Malotour convulsively grasped his gun--he had become completely powerless--Suddenly new cries, louder and more pressing, were heard.

"Fire! fire! he is now on you!" cried the parer, unexpectedly pale and agitated, his gun to his shoulder, but afraid to fire, lest he should hit his master.

The latter, perceiving his agitation, turned round; it was indeed time. On the other side of the bridge, a bear, much larger than the first, was in the act of making the final rush. Springing backward, he seized the carbine of his faithful companion, and lodged it in the animal's breast, ere he could reach them. He recoiled in the death struggle to where they stood. All this was the work of an instant. The knees of the young baron shook with emotion at the escape of his young master; as for Malotour, his light paleness, and the convulsive shuddering of his limbs, testified the state of his mind.

"Take your arms," said the young baron, quickly replacing in his hands the carbine; "here are your comrades--they must not see you unarmed; and parer, not a word of this."

"Look!" said he to his companions, as

they gathered around, pointing to the monstrous beast--"one to each. Now, Monsieur de Malotour, I wait your orders, and am ready to give the satisfaction you require."

The latter made no reply, but reached out his hand which Villaret cordially shook.

That evening a banquet was held to celebrate the double victory. Towards the end of the repast, a toast to "the vanquishers" was proposed and immediately accepted.

Monsieur d'Argenteuil, glass in hand, rose to pledge it, when, Malotour, also rising, held his arm, exclaiming: "To the sole vanquisher of the day! to our noble host! It was he alone who killed the two bears; and if, through his generosity I have allowed the illusion to last so long, it was simply for this reason: The affront which I gave him was a public one, the reparation ought to be a public one likewise. I now declare that Monsieur de Villaret is the bravest of the brave, and that I shall maintain it towards all and against all."

"This time, at least, I shall not take up your glasses," said Monsieur d'Argenteuil.

"There is a brave young man!" cried the parer, whom his master had admitted to his table, and who endeavored to conceal a fugitive tear. "Nothing could better prove to me, sir, that, with a little experience, you will be as calm in the presence of bears as you are, I am sure, in the face of an enemy."

From Villaret's Literary Magazine.

THE WITCH WIFE.

BY J. G. WATKINS.

When a boy, I occasionally met at the house of a relation in an adjoining town, a stout, red-faced old farmer in the neighborhood. A fine tableau he made of a winter's evening, in the red light of a bright log fire, as he sat for hours watching his progress, with sleepy, half-shut eyes, changing his position only to reach the cider mug on the shelf near him. Although he seldom opened his lips save to assent to some remark of his host, or to answer a direct question, yet at times, when the cider mug got the better of his taciturnity, he would amuse us with interesting details of his early experience in the "Ohio Country."

There was, however, one chapter in these experiences which he usually held in reserve, and with which "the stranger" in uninitiated ears, he was not willing to run the risk of hearing that which was a faithful reality turned into ridicule by scoffers and unbelievers. The substance of it, as I received it from one of his neighbors, forms a clever tale of witchcraft as modern times have produced.

It seems that when quite a young man he left the homestead, and strolling westward, worked his way from place to place until he found himself in one of the French settlements on the Ohio River. Here he procured employment on the farm of a widow; and being a smart, active fellow, and proving highly serviceable in his department, he rapidly gained favor in the eyes of his employer.

Ever long, contrary to the advice of the neighbors, and despite of some discouraging hints exchanged by certain matrimonial indiscretions experienced by the late husband, he resolutely stepped into the deal man's shoes; the mistress became the wife, and the servant was legally promoted to the head of the household.

For a time matters went on easily and comfortably enough. He was now lord of the soil; and he had laid in his crops of corn and potatoes, sowed down his pork, and piled up his wood for winter's use; he naturally enough congratulated himself upon the good fortune, and laughed at the sinister forebodings of his neighbors. But with the long winter months came a change over his "love's young dream." An evil and mysterious influence seemed to be at work in his affairs. Whatever he did after consulting his wife, or at her suggestion, resulted favorably enough; but his schemes and projects were marred and defeated. If he bought a horse it was sure to be spavined or wind-broken. His cows either refused to give down their milk, or getting it, perversely kicked it over. A fine sow which he bargained for, repaid his partiality by devouring, like Saturn, her own children. By degrees, a gloomy, dark thought forced its way into his mind. Comparing his repeated mischances with the anti-nuptial warning of his neighbors, he at last came to the melancholy conclusion that his wife was a witch. The victim in Motherwell's ballad of the Demon Lady, or the poor fellow in the Arabian tale, who discovered that he had married a ghoul in the guise of a young and blooming princess, was scarcely in a more sorrowful predicament. He grew nervous and fretful. Old dismal nursery stories and all the witch lore of boyhood came back to his memory; and he crept to his bed like a criminal to the gallows, half afraid to fall asleep lest his mysterious companion should take a fancy to transform him into a horse, get him shod at a smithy, and ride him to a witch meeting. And as if to make the matter worse, his wife's affections seemed to increase just in proportion as his troubles thickened upon him. She aggravated him with all manner of caresses and endearments. This was the ironical twist. The poor husband recoiled from her as from a waking nightmare. His thoughts turned to New England; he longed once more to see the old homestead, with its tall well-sweeps and butter-nut trees by the road side; and he sighed amidst the rich bottom land of his father's rocky pastures, with its crop of stunted tulnells. So one cold November day, finding himself out of sight and hearing of his wife, he summoned courage to attempt an escape, and resolutely turning his back on the west, plunged into the wild

ness towards the sunrise. After a hard and long journey he reached his birth-place, and was kindly welcomed by his old friends. Keeping a close mouth with regard to his unlucky adventure in Ohio, he soon after married one of his school-mates, and by dint of persevering industry and economy, in a few years found himself in possession of a comfortable home.

But his evil star still lingered above the horizon. One summer evening, on returning from the hay field, who should meet him but his witch wife from Ohio! She came riding up the street on her old white horse, with a pillow behind the saddle. Accosting him in a kindly tone, yet not without something of gentle reproach for his unkindness desertion of her, she informed him that she had come all the way from Ohio to take him back again.

It was in vain that he pleaded his latter engagements; it was in vain that his new wife raised her shrillest remonstrances, not unmingled with expressions of vehement indignation at the revelation of her husband's real position; the witch wife was inexorable; go he must, and that speedily. Fully impressed with a belief in her supernatural power of compelling obedience, and perhaps dreading more than witchcraft itself the effects of the unlucky disclosure on the temper of his New England helpmate, he made a virtue of the necessity, and bade farewell to the latter amidst a perfect hurricane of reproaches, and mounted the white horse with his old wife on the pillow behind him. Of that ride Burger might have written a counter-part to his ballad:

"Tramp, tramp, along the shore they ride,  
Spish, splash, along the sea."

Two or three years had passed away, bringing no tidings of the unfortunate husband, when he once more made his appearance in his native village. He was not disposed to be very communicative; but for the one thing, at least, he seemed to express his gratitude. His Ohio wife, having had a spell of intermittent fever, had paid the debt of nature and left him free, in view of which, his surviving wife, after manifesting a due degree of resentment, consented to take him back to her bed and board, and I could never learn that she had cause to regret her elopement.

"Our Country, however bounded, was a pathetic toast of R. C. Winthrop. But burnings are somewhat significant. For instance, Galena once had the following surroundings:

"On the West by Death's Head, on the North by Vinegar Hill, Harlequin and Shaking, on the East by Black Log and Snake Diggins, and on the South by Snail's Pox; while it was situated on Fever river."

But the citizens have changed the name of Fever to Fear river, and perhaps relieved themselves from the rest of the formidable nomenclature.

The wife of the owner of one of the Indiana Free Banks being in company with some friends, the all-absorbing financial crisis became the theme of conversation. The lady remarked that she hoped her husband's bank would "hold out until the fall rains came on--that case there would be no danger of its breaking before May next."

When interrogated for an explanation, she gave as the reason of the faith that was in her, that the place in which the bank was located could not be approached after the fall rains, on account of the mud.

A HOME--Miss Florence Nightingale, the young English lady who, some time since, sailed for the seat of war in the East, with a corps of forty nurses, to minister to the relief of the wounded and suffering soldiers there, is the daughter of a gentleman of wealth, named William Shore Nightingale, residing at Embury Park, Derbyshire, and heiress to his fortune.

She is conversant with many languages, ancient and modern, has travelled much, is a person of fine natural intellect, and possessed of a happy and luxurious home. Her present enterprise is but one of many such benevolent efforts by which she has distinguished herself.

BRITAIN'S WOE--A gentleman writing from London says that nearly the whole English aristocracy is in mourning for the loss of relatives sickened or shot, in the Crimea; and that the profusion of "weeds of woe," give the promenades a most sombre appearance. The flower of the young British military aristocracy, it will be remembered, was massacred at the battle of Balaklava. The Light Cavalry, that suffered so terribly on that occasion, was composed almost entirely of the "bloodes."

FAVORS AND THEIR OBLIGATIONS--To feel oppressed by obligation is only to prove that we are incapable of a proper sentiment of gratitude. To receive favors from the unworthy is simply to admit that our selfishness is superior to our pride. Most men remember obligations, but not often to be grateful for them. The proud are made so by remembrance, and the vain silent.

Quite a joke happened to one of the doctors the other day. He called some very powerful medicine for a sick boy, and the father not liking the appearance of it, forced it down the child's throat, and when the doctor called again and inquired if the powder had cured the boy, the father replied, "No, we didn't give it to him." "Good heavens!" said the doctor, "is the child living?" "Yes, but the old man isn't, wags it to her!" The doctor smiled.

New clothes make some people very pious. For a whole month after a certain Miss obtained a new mantle, she appeared in church three times a Sunday

## Educational.

### Insubordination at School.

Youth is naturally more or less impetuous, self-willed, and impatient of restraint. The disposition of young people to have their own way, is the occasion of much trouble and perplexity in schools--which is often made more serious by the weakness and folly, blindness and infatuation, of such parents as encourage their children in habits of insubordination; but if it be, as all judicious and right-minded persons must admit, a primary part of education to learn the practice of self-government, then those who allow their children to thwart the plans and wishes of the teacher, are doing them the greatest harm. Mistaken and over-indulgent parents often encourage and sustain their children in acts of disobedience at school, to which is traced their ruin and disgrace.

Society and government cannot exist without subordination. This is a law of Divine Providence which cannot be broken without occasioning a train of evils proportionate to the magnitude of the offense. It extends to and controls everything in creation, from the feather to the solid rock. Each must perform its office in its own appointed sphere. Suppose the sun should stop in his career and refuse for a day or an hour to fulfill his appointed objects, who could estimate the mischief, not to our world only, but to the entire system of worlds, depending upon him for light and heat! So a single act of disobedience may affect the young to the end of life, or even become infinite in its nature.

There are many parents who view the matter in its true light, and are ever ready to co-operate with the teacher and extend to him a warm and generous sympathy in all judicious methods for the right government of their children. On the other hand, there are many who are disposed, in every case of collision between the teacher and the pupil, to regard the former as having interests antagonistic to their own; yet he is their representative for the time, and acts in their name and in their delegated authority. He is doing for them what is required at the hand by the laws of nature and the ordinances of Providence, and should be regarded as the best friend of both parent and child.

It often occurs in a school, that a mild but decided rebuke for an act of disobedience, carelessness, or neglect of duty is given and occasions offense to the pupil. He goes home with a sad complaint of the teacher, and the next morning the child is removed from the school, without one word of explanation, or the least opportunity afforded for explanation. Perhaps he is sent back with an insulting message to the teacher, which leads to still greater insubordination and the necessity for more severe punishment. Now it may be that the teacher was in the wrong, and the child right; but is it not quite as reasonable to suppose the child in the wrong as the teacher? Is it right, is it fair, is it just to inflict such a cowardly wound upon the feelings of the teacher without giving him a private interview for his version of the affair? Great injustice is frequently done, not only to the faithful and laborious teacher, but to the pupil, which might have been prevented by an explanation of the case. The teacher, while acting as the representative, and entering the penitence and waywardness of his children, has a right to the sympathy and protection of the parent against the force of youthful passion and insolence. If it is withheld, his usefulness is impaired or destroyed--he feels that he is looked upon with a suspicious eye--he goes to his work with a heavy heart, and it may be, is induced to abandon it in disgust that the weary months of scantily remunerated toil should bring insult and reproach for well-intended efforts and conscientious discharge of duty. The offender is made sole witness against him, and accredited in his statements. A spirit of insubordination and dissatisfaction is engendered among other members of the school, which destroys the influence and respect legitimately due to his office.

Long and ceaselessly active tongues begin the work of detraction and abuse in the community, and the "break down" process is carried on more zealously because prompted by the blackest and most cruel motives that ever spring from depraved hearts. Such is often the teacher's reward for daring to do his duty.

Parents always require very much at the hands of teachers. Often, as from the Israelites of old, the full tale of bricks is demanded by hard and unfeeling task-masters, while the straw for making them is withheld. Such parents seldom, if ever, visit the school-room. They manifest little or no interest in the education of their children, until some apparent opportunity for encouraging disorder and anarchy in the school is presented.

In some communities the instructor is often regarded in the light of a menial, a fit subject for censorious remark and coarse treatment. What a mistaken view of the office? To him are confided the habits of mind and formation of character. To place a low estimate upon the teacher's vocation is degrading the worth of the immortal mind committed to his care and guidance, and therefore parents should feel that their children have claims above houses, lands and workshops; and whoever neglects or perverts them is guilty of an infringement upon the laws of humanity.

That family in which the teacher is properly respected, care taken to impress upon its youthful members a high estimate of his services and the duty of a prompt and cheerful obedience, need en-

tertain no fears of severe chastisement or idle habits for their children. Good government at home is one of the best preventive of insubordination, filial or vicious tendencies at school. Those who talk about and against the teacher to their children, ought not to expect the school to be any benefit to them. The teacher who required the King to take off his hat, whenever his majesty visited the school, was a true philosopher and understood the nature of his calling. The people were thus impressed with his authority, when in the place of instruction, and willingly rendered obedience to him who required even kings to acknowledge the teacher's supremacy in the school room.

School officers and sagacious trustees frequently destroy the influence of teachers by giving directions to them in the presence of pupils, by finding fault, or taking side with some complainant. All such matters should be adjusted without the knowledge or even suspicion of scholars. He who makes an attack of any description upon a teacher in the presence of the school, is guilty of creating, to a greater or less extent, insubordination where obedience is essential to success.

Who ARE TO BE WHIPPED?--The papers are publishing quite profusely from the Mormon Gossip at Salt Lake. Mr. Grant, denominated President, alluding to the death of Joe Smith, says concerning the consequences to flow therefrom that:

"It is no matter how much they deal in compromise measures, or how often they try to adjust difficulties that thicken around them--it is a stern fact that the people of the United States have shed the blood of the prophets, driven out the saints of God, rejected the priesthood, and set at naught the holy gospel; and the result of rejecting the gospel has been in every age, a visitation from the chasms of hell of the Almighty--which chastisement will be administered in proportion to the magnitude and enormity of their crimes."

"Consequently, I look for the Lord to use his whip on the refractory son called Uncle Sam; I expect to see him chastised among the first of the nations. I think Uncle Sam is one of the Lord's boys that he will take the rod to first, and make him dance nimbly to his own tune of 'Oh! Oh! I'll for his transgression, for his high-mindedness, and loftiness--for his evil, for his rejecting the gospel and causing the earth to drink the blood of the saints--for this, I say, I expect he will be well switched among the first of the sons."

"I expect John Bull will get the next whipping; and I have no idea of the Lord whipping Russia and letting those refractory sons escape who are better taught--and instructing them by the voice of his elders, sending prophets to them, to warn them late and early, inviting them by the voice of his spirit--crying unto them to repent of their sins and turn unto him; I say, I do not expect he will pass by these refractory sons who have turned a deaf ear to all his instructions, mistreating his messengers, and whip those boys who have been so well instructed."

The St. Louis Republican says that a few days ago, a man and his wife, in that city, were engaged in arranging a separation--The principal difficulty was the baby, which the woman tearfully begged to be allowed to keep while the man angrily refused. At length the wife almost threw the child into the husband's arms, and exclaimed, "Take it! I can soon have another!"

Latest fashions from Paris tell us that all petticoats are now made with flounces. Collars are much larger, and have the appearance of small tufts. The work is very rich and there is scarcely any limit to the diversity of the patterns. Guipure lace is in favor for caps, collars, sleeves, and all description of trimmings. Dark silk dresses are decorated with black guipure lace.

AN INFAMOUS RECIPE--The Boston Transcript has the following paragraph addressed to the curious in genealogy: "If you have no distinct record of your ancestors, their habits, character, principles and occupations, get nominated for some prominent office, and the opposition prints will give you your genealogy to the furthest remove. They will tell you what your great grandfather preferred for dinner."

A wag entered a store in London, some years